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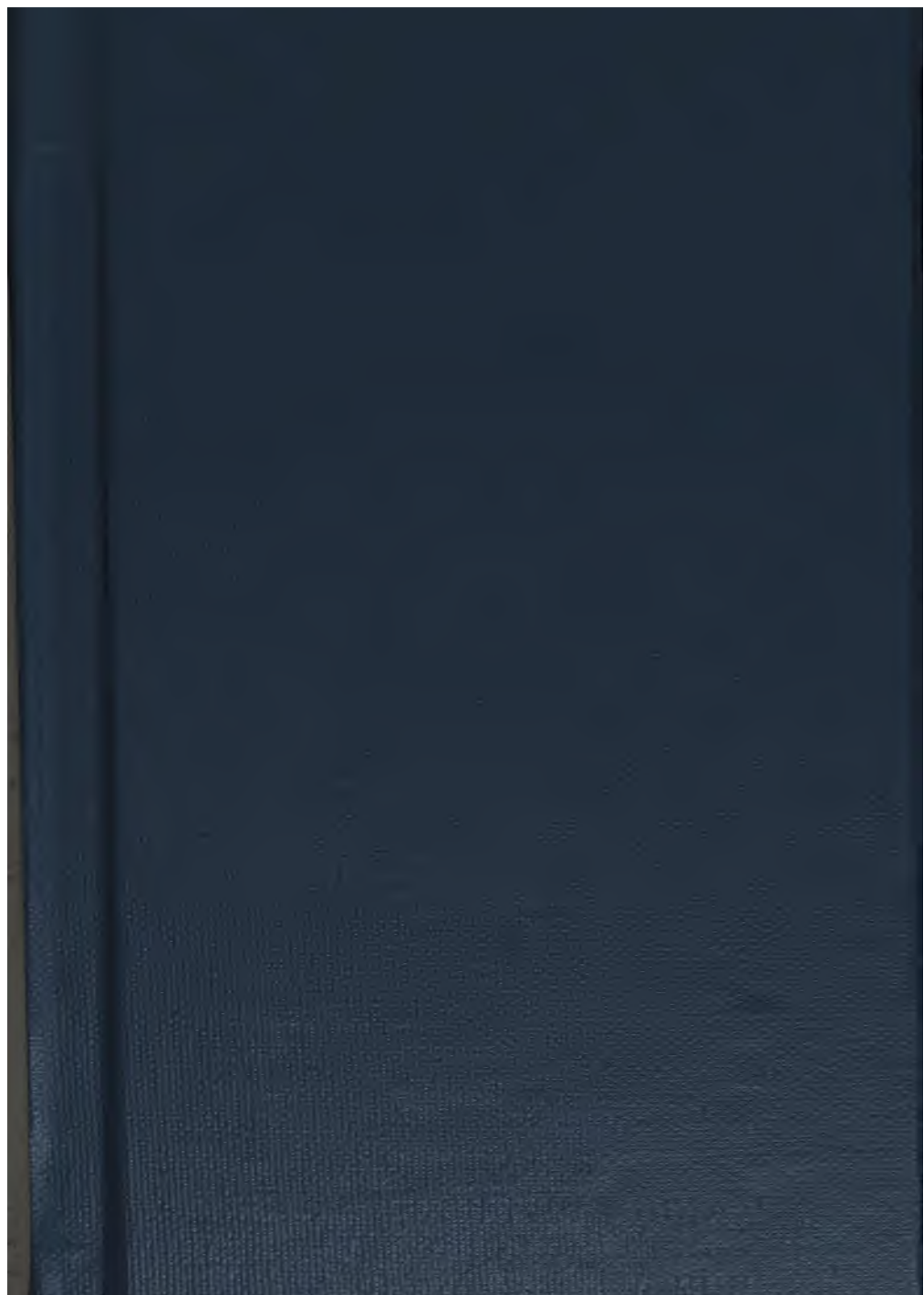
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THE WHITE COCKADE. BY LADY
GREGORY.

*"I saw a vision through my sleep last night."
Jacobite Ballad.*

DUBLIN: MAUNSEL & CO., LTD.,
60, DAWSON STREET, 1905.

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America.]*



TO R. G., SCENE-PAINTER.

PERSONS.

PATRICK SARSFIELD, Earl of Lucan.

KING JAMES II.

CARTER, Secretary to King James.

A POOR LADY.

MATT KELLEHER, Owner of an Inn at Duncannon.

MARY KELLEHER, his wife.

OWEN KELLEHER, his son.

FIRST SAILOR.

SECOND SAILOR.

FIRST WILLIAMITE.

SECOND WILLIAMITE.

A CAPTAIN AND OTHER WILLIAMITES.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

ACT I.

SCENE: *An Inn kitchen at Duncannon. Owen Kelleher lying on the hearth playing jackstones. Mrs. Kelleher rubbing a bit of meat. A barrel beside her.*

Owen. One—and one—and five—that's scatters.

Mrs. Kelleher. Leave playing jackstones, Owen, and give me a hand salting the meat.

Owen. Two—and two—and one—that's doubles. There is time enough. Sure it's not to-day it's wanted.

Mrs. Kelleher. What's put off till harvest is put off for ever. It's best to catch the pig by the leg when you get her. The French ship might be going before we have the barrels ready, and some other one might get the profit.

Owen. The ship didn't get orders yet from King James. The sailors were not sure was it to Dublin he would bid them go, or to some other place. It is time for us to be hearing news of him. I have a mind to go ask it—

Mrs. Kelleher. Come over and rub a bit of the meat, and leave thinking about King James. We hear enough talk of him, listening to poor Lady Dereen.

Owen. You have not enough of salt to pack the meat till my father will bring it back from Ross.

Mrs. Kelleher. The lamb teaching its mother to bleat! If I have not itself, I have what serves for rubbing it. (*She pushes back dresser from before a side door.*) Be moving now, and come down to the cellar till we bring up another leg of the pork.

Owen (going on playing). One—and one—and one—crow's nest.

Mrs. Kelleher (going through door to cellar). I give you my word it is as hard to make you stir as to make a hedgehog run.

[*Owen whistles "The White Cockade."*]

Mrs. Kelleher (coming back with another bit of meat). It is yourself finds the hob a good harbourage!

Owen. It is not worth my while to be bringing it up bit by bit—if it was to bring up the whole of it now——

Mrs. Kelleher. I suppose not! I wonder now what is worth your while if it is not to mind the place and the inn that will be coming to yourself some day. It is a poor hen that can't scratch for itself!

Owen. There might be something worth doing outside this place.

Mrs. Kelleher (scornfully). There might! It's the hills far off that are green!

Owen. It is beyond the hills I would like to be going. There is no stir at all in this place.

Mrs. Kelleher. What is it at all you are wanting or talking about?

Owen. There is fighting going on through the country.

Mrs. Kelleher. And for all the profit it will bring ourselves it might be the fighting of the hornless cows! It is best for us to be minding our own business.

Owen. There used to be great fighters in Ireland in the old times.

Mrs. Kelleher. If there were, they had no other trade! Every crane according to its thirst. Believe me, if they had found as good a way of living as what you have, they would not have asked to go rambling. I know well it is an excuse you are making, with your talk of fighting and your songs, not to be doing the work that is at your hand. You are as lazy as the tramp that will throw away his bag. You would have got the sluggard's prize from Aristotle of the books!

Owen. Well, it's good to be best at something.

Mrs. Kelleher. If you saw a car and horse coming at you, you would not stir out of the rut! You would spend your night on the floor sooner than go up a ladder to the loft! Stir! You would not stir yourself to turn the crispy side of a potato if you had but the one bite only!

Owen. One—and four—High Castles.

Mrs. Kelleher. I tell you a day will come when you will grow to the ground the way you never will reach to heaven!

Owen. It is time for you to leave off faulting me. There is some one coming to the door.

Mrs. Kelleher (looking out of door). It is the poor Lady. She wasn't here this good while. It is a pity she to have gone spending all for the King the way she did, and to go in beggary and misery ever after.

Owen (sings)—

The cuckoo has no word to say,
Sharp grief has put us under rent,
The heavy cloud is on the Gael,
But comely James will bring content!

Mrs. Kelleher. I believe it is herself put the half of those songs in your head. (*Pulls dresser over door.*) It is best shut this door. There is no use too many eyes seeing it.

[*Old Lady comes in. Her hand is over her eyes as if half blind. She wears ragged clothes that have once been handsome.*

Mrs. Kelleher. You are welcome, my poor Lady Dereen.

Lady. I thank you, Mary Kelleher. I have always found a welcome in this house, and a shelter from the heat and the rain.

Mrs. Kelleher. Who should get a welcome here

if you wouldn't get it, Lady? And I born and reared on your own estate before you lost it through the wars.

Lady. I have had great losses, but now I will have great gains. I lost all through Charles; I will get all back through James. My eyes are tired watching for the sun to rise in the east. The sun of our success is rising at last!

Mrs. Kelleher. It is time for success to come to yourself, Lady, indeed. I remember the time you had great riches.

Lady. I did not grudge anything, my lord did not grudge anything to Charles Stuart, our King. I shall be rich again now; I never lost my faith.

Mrs. Kelleher. Well, I would never have faith myself in the thing I wouldn't see.

Lady. I lost all through Charles; I will get all back through James!

Mrs. Kelleher. That you may, Lady. I would sooner you to have kept it when you had it. A wren in the fist is better than a crane on loan. It's hard getting butter out of a dog's mouth.

Lady. The Stuart has been under the mists of night. The sun is rising that will scatter them. The whole country is going out to help him. The young men are leaving the scythes in the meadows; the old men are leaving the stations and the blessed wells. Give me some white thing—some feathers.—I have to make cockades for the King's men.

Mrs. Kelleher (*giving her feathers from the dresser*). Look at that now! These come as handy as a

gimlet. I was plucking ducks yesterday for the captain of the French ship.

Lady (taking feathers and beginning to fasten them together with shaking hands). James, our own King, will bring prosperity to us all.

Mrs. Kelleher. So long as we get it, I wouldn't mind much what King brings it. One penny weighs as good as another, whatever King may have his head upon it. If you want to grow old, you must use hot and cold.

Lady. Is it nothing to you, Mary Kelleher, that the broken altars of the Faith will be built up again?

Mrs. Kelleher. God grant it! Though, indeed, myself I am no great bigot. I would always like to go to a Protestant funeral. You would see so many well-dressed people at it.

Lady (beginning to make another cockade). I must be quick, very quick. There will be a hard battle fought. William, the Dutchman, has brought trained men from all the countries of Europe. James has gone out to meet him.

Mrs. Kelleher. Is it going to fight a battle he is? It is likely he will have sent orders to the French ship so. It is to take his orders it was here. The deer knows where it might be to-morrow, and the pigs we have killed left on our hands! Only for you giving me no help the way you did, Owen, the meat would be nearer ready now than what it is. Look at him now, Lady; maybe he'll mind what you will say. Bid him leave lying on the floor at midday.

Lady. It is time you should get up, boy ; there is plenty of work to do.

Mrs. Kelleher. That is what I am saying. Work for all hands.

Lady. Work for all, and no time to lose.

Mrs. Kelleher. That is what I am saying. What is put off till harvest——

Lady. It is not right for a young man with strong hands to be taking his ease.

[*Owen gets up and stands awkwardly.*]

Mrs. Kelleher. And his mother not sparing herself.

Lady. You lying there, while there is a friend out under the heat of the day fighting our battle.

Mrs. Kelleher. My poor man ! So he is. Striving to bring the salt.

Lady (giving Owen a cockade). Take that White Cockade. Go out, go northward. Join the King's army, go and fight for the King !

Mrs. Kelleher. To fight for the King, is it ?

Lady. Hurry, hurry, you may be in time to strike a blow for him ! (*sings*)

Our heart's desire, our pleasant James,
Our treasure and our only choice !

Mrs. Kelleher. Look here now, Lady, have sense. I have but the one son only, and is it sending him away from me you would be ?

Lady. Our King has no son ; he has false daughters. We must give our sons to the King !

Mrs. Kelleher. It is my opinion we must keep them to mind ourselves. What profit would he get joining the King's army? It is not the one thing to go to town and come from it.

Lady (*putting hand on her arm*). It would be a pity to disappoint so great a friend.

Mrs. Kelleher. That is true, but reason is reason. I have but the one son to help me; and it is what I say: you can't whistle and eat oatmeal; the gull can't attend the two strands; words won't feed the friars. How will Owen mind this place, and he maybe shot as full of holes as a riddle?

Owen. When you have your minds made up, if it's to go fighting I am, or to go rubbing the bacon I am, it will be time enough for me to stir myself.

Lady. Do you grudge your service? Will you betray the King as the English betrayed him? O my heart leaps up with my pleasant Stuart!

Owen. I would like well to go serve the King; but I don't know how could I do it.

Lady. You say that because of idleness. It is through idleness you have come to have a coward's heart, the heart of a linnet, of a trader, a poor, weak spirit, a heart of rushes.

Mrs. Kelleher. You are too hard now, Lady, upon the boy. Leave him alone. There is no man knows which is best, hurry or delay. It's often it's not better to be first than last. Many a tattered colt makes a handsome horse. The first thread is not of the piece. It's not the big men cut all the harvest.

When the time comes, the child comes. Every good comes by waiting.

Lady. King James in the country wanting all his helpers !

Mrs. Kelleher. Let every herring hang by its own tail.

Lady. It is for our comfort he has come.

Mrs. Kelleher. He might. It's to please itself the cat purrs.

Lady (*putting hand on Owen's shoulder*). The Stuart in the field !

Mrs. Kelleher. The meat in the cellar !

Lady. Our hero in danger !

Mrs. Kelleher. Our bacon in danger !

Lady. Our prince under mists !

Mrs. Kelleher. Our meat under mildew !

Lady. Oh ! the great Stuart !

Mrs. Kelleher (*striking it*). The empty barrel !

[*Owen turns from one to the other, undecided.*]

Voices are heard singing a French song to the air of "Malbrook."

Lady. Is that the army of the King ?

Mrs. Kelleher. It is what is worse. It's the French sailors coming for the meat and it not ready.

[*Two sailors come in singing:—*]

Madame, si vous voulez danser
Vite je vous prie de commencer
Avec l'air des Français,
Avec l'air de la Cour.

First Sailor. We are come, Madame, for the pork and the bacon.

Second Sailor. And de sau-sa-ges.

Mrs. Kelleher. I haven't them ready yet.

First Sailor. We must sail this night before morning.

Mrs. Kelleher. Did you get any orders from King James?

First Sailor. We did not get them. He is fighting in the north, at some river. We go to Dublin. If he succeed, we carry news to France. If he is beaten, he will want help from France. We sail at sunrise when the tide is high.

Mrs. Kelleher. Well, look now; I will have the meat for you before that.

First Sailor. All right. There is moon. We will come to the pier before sunrise, after the midnight.

Mrs. Kelleher. There is a quick way. Maybe you don't know the outer door to the cellar?

Second Sailor. I do know it. I did put wine in there last week—no duty; no douane. (*Puts finger on nose.*)

[*Matt Kelleher comes bursting in. He throws a bag of salt on the floor.*]

Mrs. Kelleher. Here is himself, and he running like a hare before hounds. Give me here the salt.

Matt. Salt! salt! salt! Who would be talking of salt?

Mrs. Kelleher. The ship is going.

Matt. Where is the use of salt on such a day as this, unless it might be to make a man drouthy?

Mrs. Kelleher. I tell you I was as idle without it as a smith without bellows.

Matt. To make a man drouthy! To give him a good thirst, the way he will drink to the King.

Mrs. Kelleher. Indeed, if signs are signs, I think you yourself have been drinking to the King!

Matt. We will all drink to the King! Where are the glasses?

Mrs. Kelleher. Quiet yourself now. You are too good a customer to yourself; putting on the mill the straw of the kiln.

Matt. Would you begrudge me so much as one glass on a day like this?

Mrs. Kelleher. What has happened on this day more than any other day?

Matt. This day has brought news of the battle I tell you—of the great battle at the Boyne!

First Sailor. The Boyne—that is it! That is the same story we heard.

Matt. Where would you hear your story? It was away in Ross I got mine. There was news brought to the barracks there.

Mrs. Kelleher. Tell me now, was the battle fought in earnest?

Matt. Fought is it? It is it that was fought! A great battle—the ground that was hard turning soft, and the ground that was soft turning hard under the trampling of feet! The sea coming in on the land,

and the land going out into the sea! Fire from the edges of every sword! The blood falling like a shower in harvest-time! The air black with ravens; the river reddened with blood! Sarsfield going through the field like fire through furze.

Mrs. Kelleher. What there is good comes out in the blood. Sure he is of the race of Conall Cearnach. What would an apple be like but an apple? What would the cat's son do but kill mice?

Matt. King James raging like a lion in every gap!

Lady. Oh! I knew it! I knew it! The brave Stuart!

Mrs. Kelleher. And who was it, will you tell me, that won in the fight?

Matt. Sure, amn't I telling you, if you would listen? The man has won that should win, great King James!

Lady. I knew the sun would rise at last for victory!

Matt. You will get your rights now, Lady. We'll all get our rights. (*Sings*)—

Three times the fairest of the Scots,
The blossomed branch, the Phoenix rare,
Our secret love, our only choice,
The shining candle of the war!

Lady. My lord spent all upon Charles. James will pay all back again!

Matt. He will, he will! You will get your estates, Lady, and your white halls! We will drink the cellar

dry the day you get your estates. There will be red wine of Spain running through your white halls!

Lady. I have his promise! I have the King's seal to his promise!

[She takes a large seal from a bag hanging at her side, and shows it.]

Matt. It is a good seal—a grand seal. Drink a health, I say, to the King's seal! Let me go down to the cellar for spirits—no, but for wine!

[He pushes back dresser. Mrs. Kelleher pulls him from the door.]

Mrs. Kelleher. You will not go down. Thirst makes thirst!

Matt (to sailors). Go down there, I say. Bring up a bottle—two bottles—plenty of bottles!

[They go down.]

Lady. I will go to Dublin. I will go to his Court. I will show him the promise and the seal.

Matt. You will, ma'am. He can't deny the seal.

Lady. I will put on my silks and my velvets. I will have jewels about my neck. I will bid my waiting-women to spread out my dress.

[Makes a gesture as if spreading out a train.]

Matt. It is you will look well, Lady, as you did in the old times, with your silks and your jewels.

Lady. I will come to the door. The coach will stop—the young lords will hand me out of it—my own young kinsmen will be there.

Matt. I will go see you in the coach, Lady. It is I myself will open the door!

Lady. They will bring me to the throne-room. I will leave my cloak at the door. I will walk up to the throne! [*She walks a few steps.*]

Matt (walking crookedly). I will walk up myself. I would like well to see the King on his throne.

Lady (curtsying). A curtsy to the right to the Queen—a curtsy to the left to the princesses.

Matt (curtsying). That is it, that is it! We will curtsy to the princesses.

Lady. The King will smile at me. I will take out the King's seal (*touches it*). I will kneel and kiss his hand.

Matt. I will kneel—no, I will not. (*Stumbles and kneels.*) There, I did now in spite of myself. Here, Mary, help me up again.

Mrs. Kelleher. Stop where you are, Kelleher, and be ashamed of yourself. When wine goes in, wit goes out.

Owen (helping the lady up). All will go well with you now, Lady, since the King has gained the day.

Mrs. Kelleher. Maybe he was not the winner after all. It is often we heard news from Ross that wouldn't be true after.

Matt. Why wouldn't he win? He has the prayers of the people with him.

Lady. He has God with him.

Owen. He has Sarsfield with him.

Lady. Oh! who will go to the King? who will go for news of the King!

Owen. I will go.

Lady. Yes, go, go! Here, take these to give to the King's men. [*She gives him cockades.*]

Mrs. Kelleher. Do not go until we are sure is the battle over. The last of a feast is better than the first of a fight.

Owen. I will go now. I delayed long enough. I wish I had gone in time for the fighting.

Mrs. Kelleher. Well, since he is the winner—a friend in court is better than a coin in the pocket—it might be for profit.

[*Owen begins washing hands and face in a basin. Puts on coat. Sailors bring up an armful of bottles from cellar.*]

Matt (still on the floor, seizing a bottle). Here's to the King's health, I say!

[*The sailors give him glasses; he opens bottle, fills them, and they hand them round.*]

Lady (touching glass with her lips, and throwing it down). The King, and the King's right!

Mrs. Kelleher. The King and the Catholics in fashion!

Owen. The King that fought the battle!

Sailors. The King and France!

Matt. The King and wine without duty!

All together. King James and Ireland!

All (singing)—

O well-tuned harp of silver strings,
 O strong green oak, O shining Mars,
 Our hearts' desire, fair James our King,
 Our great Cuchulain in the war!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SCENE : *A wood. James sitting on a camp stool. He is richly dressed, and wears an Order. Carter standing beside him. Sarsfield pointing with sword to a map on the ground.*

Sarsfield. If your Majesty will look at the plan I have marked on this map, you will see how we can make up for the defeat of the Boyne. The news we have had of William's march makes it very simple. He will be in our hands by morning. You know what we have to do to-night. To-morrow we shall be dictating terms from Limerick.

James. Yes, yes, you told me all that. I wonder if this wood is quite safe? *[Looks round.*

Sarsfield. If our army had to fall back, it fell back in good order. We have guns, stores, horses. We have plenty of troops to strengthen Athlone. We can keep the mass of the enemy from passing the Shannon.

James. I hope the bridge we crossed that last little river by has been broken so that no one can follow us.

Sarsfield. Kilkenny must be strengthened too. Waterford is loyal. Munster and Connacht are safe. Our success will give us back Dublin. In half an hour our horses will be rested. We must be at Clonmel before midnight.

James. But there is a troop of William's men somewhere about. We might fall into their hands.

Sarsfield. They are in small divisions. We and our few men would be more than a match for them.

James. Of course, of course; but we must not risk our lives.

Carter. Not a doubt of it! The King's life must not be put in danger!

Sarsfield. Danger! Who says that? Who said it at the Boyne? Was it you drove the King from the battle? Bad advisers! Bad advisers! He who says "danger" is a bad adviser.

Carter. I did nothing—it was His Majesty's own doing—

James. Yes, yes, of course. I am a statesman. I have the whole kingdom to think of.

Carter. Not a doubt of it. But you and I, Sarsfield, have only ourselves to think of.

Sarsfield. You and I—may be—this dust (*striking himself*)—that dust of yours—has the King's livery made us of the one baking? No, no; there is some leaven in this dough. (*To the King.*) Rouse yourself, sir. Put your hand to the work.

James. I suppose I must carry out this plan of a surprise.

Sarsfield. That is right, sir. Carry it out and the Boyne will be forgotten.

James. Is that some noise? [Starts.

Sarsfield. It is but the trampling of our own horses

James. Just go, Sarsfield, and see to the breaking of that bridge. If we are caught here by those murderous Dutch, your plans will be ended with a rope or a scaffold.

Sarsfield. I will send orders on to Clonmel. The Boyne will be forgotten!—forgotten! [Goes out.

James. I hope Sarsfield knows what he is talking about.

Carter. H'm—he may.

James. If we are sure of winning—

Carter. Just so.

James. He says we are sure.

Carter. He does.

James. I hope there will not be much more fighting.

Carter. Or any.

James. That would be best; if they would give in without a fight.

Carter. Best, indeed.

James. But if there is danger—

Carter. There is always danger.

James. Of another battle—

Carter. Or a surprise.

James. I would prefer to be elsewhere. It is all very well for those who have a taste for fighting. I

had it once myself—when I was a boy. But it has gone from me now with the taste of unripe apples.

Carter. Not a doubt of it.

James. A king's life does not belong to himself.

Carter. He must not let it be taken.

James. He must not let it be risked.

Carter. That is what I meant.

James. Now if we had come to the sea—

Carter. We would be handy to it.

James. If there were a French ship—

Carter. And a fair wind.

James. We might—what is that?

[*Owen's voice heard singing "The White Cockade."*]

Carter. It is a friend—he is singing "The White Cockade."

Owen (comes in singing)—

The heavy cloud is on the Gael,
But comely James will bring content.

James. Where are you going, boy?

Owen. I am going looking for news of King James. (*Sits down and wipes his face.*) I'm after wringing my shirt twice, with respects to you. I would not have walked so far for any one living but the King! And it is bad news of him I am after getting.

James. Then the defeat is known. What did you hear?

Owen. I heard a great clattering of horses, and then I heard a fife and drum—a tune they were playing like this. [Whistles “Lillibulero.”]

James. The rebels are here! It is “Lillibulero”!

Owen. Then I saw a troop of men and of horses.

James. Were they Dutch?

Owen. They were not. They were as good speakers as myself; men from the north they were, and they were giving out as they passed that William had gained the day, and that King James was running, and that if they got him they would give his legs rest for a while.

James. Heavens! What a terrible threat!

Carter. Terrible, indeed! Is there no place where we could be safe?

Owen. If you belong to King James, you would be safe where I come from, and that is the Inn at the harbour of Duncannon.

James. The harbour! Do many ships come in there?

Owen. There do not. But there is one in it now.

James. An English ship?

Owen. It is not, but a ship from France. But if it is itself, it is not long it will be in it. It will be sailing at sunrise. There will be a boat coming from it after midnight for the meat my mother has them promised.

James. I must go to Duncannon! Look here, boy, would it be safe if I—if the king himself were to go there to-night?

Owen. Now that he is down, I think there is not

one in the place but would carry a hurt dog if it belonged to King James.

James. But tell me—if—I only say *if* the King should come and should be seen by anyone—is there any chance he would be known ?

Owen. Every chance. Sure he is well known by the songs.

James. By the songs ?

Owen (singing)—

Curled locks like Angus of the Sidhe,
Friendly, brave, bright loving, fair ;
High hawk that gains the mastery,
Cupid in peace, a Mars in war !

James (to Carter). It will be safer not to go till after dark. We must go quite quietly—we must leave our men and horses at a distance.

Carter. That will be best.

James. You must keep the inn clear, boy. You must keep the French boat till I come—till the king comes. He will knock at the door before midnight.

Owen. Believe me he will get a good welcome ! If it was known he was coming, there would be a candle lighted in every harbour.

James. No, no candles.

Owen. I may as well be going now to make all ready. (*Goes out singing*)—

Three times the fairest of the Scots,
My prince and my heart-secret, James,
Our treasure and our only choice—
The darling Caesar of the Gael !

James. That was a good chance. We can go on board at once, and slip away to France. I have done with this detestable Ireland. [*Kicks the ground.*]

Carter. And I. [*Kicks the ground.*]

James. It might be as well—

Carter. Well?

James. Not to mention anything—

Carter. I won't.

James. That is, nothing more than the sending of despatches to—here he is coming.

[*Puts his finger to his lips. Carter nods.*]

Sarsfield comes in.

Sarsfield. I have sent orders to Clonmel, sir. A thousand of our men will have gathered there to meet us at midnight.

James. I have changed my mind. I have had messages. I knew France would not desert me. There is a ship at Duncannon. I have despatches to send to King Louis. I will go to Duncannon to-night, and not to Clonmel.

Sarsfield. We cannot afford that delay, sir. We should lose the chance of surprising the Dutch troop.

James. That is enough, General Sarsfield. You will obey orders.

Sarsfield. Are they, sir, what is best for Ireland?

James. Yes, yes, of course. She is a very good rod to beat England with.

Sarsfield. Whatever use you may put her to, sir, you are bound to do your best for her now.

James. Yes, yes, of course.

Sarsfield. The troops coming to us must not

be left to scatter again. They believe yet in the King. They are sure he will not betray them again—

James. I am not betraying them. I am getting them help from France. You need say no more. When I think well of fighting, I will fight; when I think well of retreating, I will retreat.

[He walks to end of stage and looks at himself in a hand-mirror.]

Carter. Not a doubt of it! I hope General Sarsfield will loyally follow your Majesty's orders.

Sarsfield. Obey them? And what about Ireland? —the lasting cry. Am I giving heed to the lasting cry of luckless Ireland? Am I listening to that?

Carter. You have sworn to obey the King.

Sarsfield. Just so, just so, we have sworn.—He is our King—we have taken the oath. Well, is not a feather in a hat as good a cry as another? A feather in a hat, a King in a song:

The darling Caesar of the Gael,
The great Cuchulain of the war!

[Fife and drum heard playing "Lillibulero."]

James (rushing back). That is Lillibulero! Oh the rebels are coming!

Sarsfield. It is that troop we knew of. They are not many. We have enough men to stand against them. *[Music heard, R.]*

James. They are coming very close!

Carter. Here, sir, let us hide in the wood!

[They run left.]

James. They are coming this way!

[*They cross to right. Music follows.*

Carter. Is it an army or an echo?

[*They run left again.*

James (clinging to Sarsfield. It is all around us!

Sarsfield (taking up cloak which James has dropped).

I can offer your Majesty's ears the protection of this cloak. [*Holds out cloak over them, as music dies away.*

SCENE II.

SCENE: *Inn kitchen, much as before, but without the barrel; night-time, candles burning. Owen standing as if just come in. Matt and Mrs. Kelleher with back to audience listening to him. Old Lady sitting, her head in her hands, rocking herself.*

Mrs. Kelleher. The King beaten! Sure they said first he had won. Well, the bottom comes out of every riddle at the last!

Matt. I had it in my mind there was some great misfortune coming upon us. I was trying to hearten myself through the whole of the morning. I give you my word, now, I am as sorry as if there was one dead belonging to me!

Owen. Did you hear me, Lady, what I was telling?

Lady (sitting up). If it was true, it was a dark story, a dark sorrowful story!

[*She gets up, and looks out of door into the darkness.*

Owen. King James is beaten surely.

Lady. The King beaten, and the moon in the skies not darkened!

Owen. Beaten and wandering.

Lady. The King beaten, and the fish not dead in the rivers!

Owen. Beaten and wandering and hunted.

[*Matt Kelleher gives a groan at the end of each sentence.*]

Lady. The King beaten, and the leaves on the trees not withered! (*She turns from the door.*) The sun is a liar that rose in the east for victory. What was the sun doing that day? Where was God? Where was Sarsfield?

[*She walks up and down, wringing her hands.*]

Mrs. Kelleher. It is what I was often saying, there is nought in this world but a mist.

Lady. Where were the people that were wise and learned? Where were the troop readying their spears? Where are they till they smooth out this knot for me? (*takes Owen by the shoulders*). Why did not the hills fall upon the traitors? Why did not the rivers rise against them?

Mrs. Kelleher. Sit down now, Lady, for a while. It's no wonder you to be fretting, and your lands and your means gone like froth on the stream. Sure the law of borrowing is the loan to be broken.

Lady. I will not sit under a roof and my King under clouds. It is not the keening of one plain I hear, but of every plain. The sea and the waves crying through the harbour! The people without a

lord but the God of glory! Where is he? Where is my royal Stuart? I will go out crying after the King!

[*She goes out.*]

Mrs. Kelleher. But is it surely true, Owen, that the King is coming to this house?

Owen. Sure and certain sure.

Mrs. Kelleher. If we had but known, to have killed a sheep or a kid itself! I declare I would think more of him now than when he had all at his command.

Owen. It is likely, indeed, he found no good table in the wood.

Mrs. Kelleher. The man without dinner is two to supper. Well, the cakes are baked, and eggs we have in plenty, and pork if we had but the time to boil it, and a bit of corned beef.—Indeed if I had twenty times as much, I wouldn't begrudge it to the King.

Matt (looking at bottles). There is good wine for him anyway. The Frenchmen knew the best corner.

Mrs. Kelleher. Mind yourself, now.

Matt (indignantly). Do you think I would take so much as one drop from what I have put on one side for the rightful King?

Mrs. Kelleher. Give me a hand to get down the best delf. It's well I had the barrels packed out of the way. It's getting on for midnight. He might be here any time.

[*Trampling of horses heard, and fife and drum playing "Lillibulero."*]

Matt. What is that? Is it the King that is coming?

Owen. It is not; but King William's men that are looking for the King.

Mrs. Kelleher. Keep them out of this! Foxes in the hencoop!

Owen. It is here they are coming, sure enough.

[*Music comes nearer. Mrs. Kelleher hurriedly puts food in cupboard and flings a sack over bottles. Door is opened; two men of William's army come in. They have fife and drum.*]

First Williamite. That is good! I smell supper.

Second Williamite. We are lucky to find an inn so handy.

First Williamite. I knew where the inn was. I told the Newry troop to come meet us here. (*Turns to door.*) Here, you lads, go and spread yourselves here and there through the town: don't go far; I will fire two shots when you are wanted. (*Voices outside.*) "All right." "We'll do that, sir."

Second Williamite. I don't think King James is in these parts at all.

First Williamite. There is a French ship in the harbour. He might be making for her.

Second Williamite. We will stop here anyway. We have a good view of the pier in the moonlight.

Mrs. Kelleher. I am loath to disoblige you, gentlemen, but you can't stop here to-night.

First Williamite. Why do you say that? Inns were made to stop in.

Mrs. Kelleher. This is not an inn now—not what you would rightly call an inn—we gave up business of late—we were stumbling under the weight of it like two mice under a stack.

First Williamite. I wouldn't think so small a place would be so great a burden.

Mrs. Kelleher. A hen itself is heavy if you carry it far. It's best to give up in time. A good run is better than a bad battle. We got no comfort for ourselves—who is nearest the church is not nearest the altar.

First Williamite. Quiet this woman, some of you. Where is the man of the house? The hen doesn't crow when there is a cock in the yard—you see, ma'am, I have proverbs myself.

Mrs. Kelleher (to Matt). We must keep them out somehow. (*To Williamites.*) There are no beds for you to get. The beds are damp. Aren't they, Matt?

Matt. Damp, indeed—rotten with damp.

Owen. Damp and soaked with the drip from the roof.

First Williamite. Beds! Are we asking for beds! It is not often we feel a blanket over us, thanks to King James. These chairs will do us well.

Mrs. Kelleher. You don't know what lay on those chairs last night!

First Williamite. What was that?

Mrs. Kelleher. A corpse—wasn't it, Matt?

Matt. It was—a dead corpse.

Owen. Cold and dead.

First Williamite (contemptuously). Corpses! I was own brother to a corpse in the last scrimmage. A knock I got on the head. Sit down.

Mrs. Kelleher. It is likely you don't know what sickness did this one die of. Of a small-pox—didn't it, Matt?

Matt. It did. Of a pitted small-pox.

Owen. And it left lying there without a coffin.

First Williamite. It would be worse news if it had got a wake that had left the house bare.

Mrs. Kelleher. Bare! This is the house that is bare! I have a bad husband, haven't I, Matt?

Matt. What's that you're saying?

Mrs. Kelleher. A while drunk, a while in fury, tearing the strings and going mad! (*Giving him a nudge.*) And a son that is a gambler. (*Owen starts, but she nudges him.*) Two hands scattering, and but one saving. They spent all we had. There is nothing for you to find in the house, I tell you. It's hard to start a hare out of an empty bush!

Second Williamite (taking sack off bottles). Here is something that looks better than holy water.

[*Takes up bottle and uncorks it.*]

Another Williamite (opening cupboard). I see the scut of a hare in this bush! [*Takes out meat.*]

Second Williamite (drinking). Faith, you have a strong cellar (*hands on bottle, and opens another*). Here, inn-keeper, have a glass of your own still—drink now to the King.

Matt. I will not. I will not touch one drop from those bottles that are for—

Second Williamite. Drink, man; drink till you are in better humour.

Matt (taking glass). Well, if I do, I call all to witness I was forced to it! Four against one, and forced! (*drinks, and holds glass out again*). And anyway, if I do (*drinks*), it's not to your master I am drinking, but to King James!

First Williamite. Little I care! I'd drink to any of them myself, if I had no other way to get it. Dutch or Scotch, there's no great difference. If we had a King of our own, that would be another story.

Second Williamite. You have taken your job, under William.

First Williamite. And amn't I doing the job, drinking the wine of a Jacobite? To fight for William by day, and to drink King James's wine by night, isn't that doing double service?

Owen (to Mrs. Kelleher). I will go and turn back those that were coming.

Mrs. Kelleher. Do, and God be with you.

[*He goes to door.*]

First Williamite. Stop here, youngster, and drink to the King.

Owen. I will not.

First Williamite. Well, stop and drink against the King.

Owen. I must go (*puts hand on latch*).

First Williamite (holding him). You have nothing to do that is so easy as this.

Owen. I have colts that are astray to put on the right road.

First Williamite. A fine lad like you to be running after colts and King William wanting soldiers ! Come, join our troop, and we'll make a corporal of you.

Owen. Leave me alone. I have my own business to mind.

Second Williamite. The drill would take that stoop out of your shoulders.

First Williamite. It would, and straighten his back. Wait till I drill you ! I'll give you your first lesson. I'll have you as straight as a thistle before morning. See here now : left, right ; left, right ; right about face.

[*He holds him while the other swings him round.*]

Second Williamite. Give him the balance-step first. Now, youngster, balance step without gaining ground. (*Crooks up Owen's leg.*) See now, this way ; stand straight or you will fall over like a sack of potatoes. I should get promotion now ; I am training recruits for King William.

Matt (who is by the window). Let him go, let him go. There are some persons coming. I hear them. Who now would be coming here so late as midnight ?

Second Williamite. Are these our men ?

First Williamite. They are not. Our men will be riding.

Owen (passionately). Let me go.

Second Williamite. You are not through your drill yet. Here now— [A knocking at the door.

Matt. Customers, maybe. Wait till I open the door.

Owen (to Mrs. Kelleher). Don't let him open it!

Mrs. Kelleher (seizing him). Leave opening the door, Matt Kelleher!

Matt. Let me alone! I will open it. It's my business to open the door. [He breaks from her.

Mrs. Kelleher. Stop, I tell you! What are you doing? (*Whispers.*) Don't you know that it might be King James?

Matt. King James! The King outside in the night and we not opening the door! Leave the doorway clear! A welcome, a great welcome to King James!

[*Williamites start up and seize muskets. Kelleher flings the door open. James comes in, followed by Carter and Sarsfield.*

Owen (shouting). Are you come, strangers, to join King William's men!

First Williamite. They are wearing the white cockade!

Second Williamite. They belong to James, sure enough.

Matt (seizing James's hand). My thousand welcomes to you! And tell me, now, which of you is King James?

James (going back a step). This is a trap!

Carter. Not a doubt of it!

First Williamite. Fire! fire quick! Bring back our troop!

[*They raise their muskets. Sarsfield rushes past James, seizes the muskets which they are raising, so that they are pointed at his body.*

Sarsfield. Fire! Yes, here I am! Call back your comrades to bury the King!

Matt. Shame! Shame! Would you kill the King!

First Williamite. We have orders to take him, alive or dead.

Sarsfield. Back, back, put down your muskets! Damn you! Are these Dutch manners!

First Williamite. You are our prisoner. We must call our troop.

Sarsfield (*pushing them back angrily*). Dutch manners! I swear I will not go to prison on an empty stomach! Supper, host, supper! Is a man to be sent empty to his death, even if he be a King?

First Williamite. We have orders. We are King William's men.

Sarsfield. Whoever you are, I will sup here to-night. Hurry, host, hurry. What have you there? Here is a follower of mine who is always hungry (*pointing at Carter*). What have you here? Beef—good—and bread.

[*Williamites go and stand at door with muskets ready.*

Matt (bewildered). I have, indeed—that is, I had. I had all ready. These traitors came—it failed me to get them out.

Mrs. Kelleher. Leave talking. You have done enough of harm for this night. With your wine-muddled wits you have brought your king to his death. [*She puts plates on table.*]

Sarsfield. (To Carter) Give me a chair. Here (*to James*) are my gloves. (*He sits down.*) You may sit there. (*They sit down, James keeping his face in shadow, and muffled in cloak. They begin eating. To Carter.*) You, I know, are ready for your supper.

Carter. Not a doubt of it! [*He eats greedily.*]

Matt (falling on his knees). O forgive me, forgive! To betray my King. Oh! oh! oh! it's the drink that did it.

Sarsfield. That will do. I forgive, I forgive.

Matt. Take my life! O take my life! I to have brought destruction on my King.

Sarsfield. Get up, old fool. Here, ma'am, those bottles.

Matt (getting up). I wish I had died of thirst before I had touched a drop, so I do. The curse of drowning be upon drink, I say!

Sarsfield (to First Williamite). I am in better humour now. War and hunger make rough manners. Were you in the battle? If so, you are brave men.

First Williamite. We were not in that battle. We were at the Lagan.

Sarsfield. There were good fighters there, too. I

am sorry they were not on our side. I am sorry all the men of Ireland are not on the one side.

First Williamite. It is best to be on the winning side.

Sarsfield. The winning side—which is it? We think we know, but heaven and hell know better. Ups and downs as with this knife (*balances it on his finger*). Ups and downs. Winning and losing are in the course of nature, and there's no use in crying.

First Williamite. Some one must be the winner.

Sarsfield. Ups and downs, ups and downs; and we know nothing till all is over. He is surely the winner who gets a great tombstone, a figured monument, cherubs blowing trumpets, angels' tears in marble—or maybe he is the winner who has none of these, who but writes his name in the book of the people. I would like my name set in clean letters in the book of the people.

Mrs. Kelleher (to James). Take another bit of the beef, sir; you are using nothing at all. You might have hungry days yet. Make hay while the sun shines. It isn't every day that Paddy kills a deer!

James (in a muffled voice). I have eaten enough.

Mrs. Kelleher. It is well you came before these Northerners had all swept. It's a rogue of a cat would find anything after them.

James (impatiently). I have had quite enough.

Mrs. Kelleher. Look now, don't be downheartened. Sure you must be sorry for the King being in danger;

but things might change. It is they themselves might be dancing the back step yet. There's more music than the pipes. The darkest hour is before the dawn. Every spring morning has a black head. It's a good horse that never stumbles. The help of God is nearer than the door.

James. Let me be. That is enough.

Mrs. Kelleher (turning away). I knew he hadn't enough ate. It's the hungry man bees fierce.

Sarsfield (to first Williamite). I am sorry not to be able to ask you, fellow-soldier, to sit down with us. But I know you would sooner let the bones show through your coat than lower that musket that is pointing at me.

First Williamite. I hope you won't take it unkindly, your Majesty. I am but obeying orders.

Sarsfield. You are right; you are very right in not sitting down. Suppose now you were sitting here, and the door unguarded and the King should make his escape—

First Williamite. Your Majesty would not get very far—we have other men.

Sarsfield. Who knows? There are ups and downs. A King is not as a common man—the moon has risen—there are horses not far off—he might gallop through the night.

First Williamite. He would be overtaken.

Sarsfield. He might gallop—and gallop—and a few friends would know the sound, and would join him here and there. He might go on very fast, away

from the harbour, past the wood, his men gathering to him as he passed—to Clonmel—

Second Williamite. Clonmel is full of King James's men, sure enough.

Sarsfield. And then, with all that gather to him there, he would go quietly, very quietly, very quickly to the Gap of the Oaks—

Second Williamite. Listen. That is where the convoy stops to-night.

Sarsfield. A little camp—four hundred horses well saddled, two hundred waggons with powder enough to blow up the Rock of Cashel—and in the middle of all, the yolk of the egg—the kernel of the nut—the pip of the orange—

Second Williamite. He knows that, too. He knows King William is making that secret march.

Sarsfield. A shout—the King! Sarsfield! Ireland!—before there is time to pull a trigger, we have carried off the prize—we have him to treat with *inside* the walls of Limerick. We send the Dutchman back to his country.—Will you go with him to the mud-banks, comrades, or will you stop in Ireland with your own king?

First Williamite. This King will win yet. I would never believe that he gave the word to 'run from the Boyne.

Sarsfield. Now, if I were the King—

Matt. Sure you are King yet, for all I did to destroy you, God forgive me!

Sarsfield. That is true—yes, yes. I am a King

to-night, even though I may not be one to-morrow—

Owen (who has been listening eagerly). It must be a wonderful thing to be a King!

Sarsfield. Wonderful, indeed—if he have the heart of a King—to be the son and grandson and great-grandson of Kings, the chosen and anointed of God. To have that royal blood coming from far off, from some source so high that, like the water of his palace fountain, it keeps breaking, ever breaking away from the common earth, starting up as if to reach the skies. How else would those who are not noble know when they meet it what is royal blood?

First Williamite. I would know in any place that this King has royal blood.

Second Williamite. It is easy to see among these three which of them is King.

Sarsfield (looking at James). A wonderful thing! If he have the high power of a King, or if he take the counsel that should be taken by a King. To be a King is to be a lover—a good lover of a beautiful sweetheart.

First Williamite. I suppose he means the country saying that.

Second Williamite. I am sure he must have a heart for Ireland.

Sarsfield. He goes out so joyous, so high of heart, because it is never possible for him to do any deed for himself alone, but for her as well that is his dear

lady. She is in his hands ; he keeps them clean for her ; it is for her he holds his head high ; it is for her he shows courtesy to all, because he would not have rude voices raised about her.

Second Williamite. The Dutchman would not have those thoughts for Ireland.

Mrs. Kelleher. It's not from the wind he got it. Mouth of ivy and heart of holly. That is what you would look for in a King.

Sarsfield. If she is in trouble or under sorrow, this sweetheart who trusts him, that trouble, God forgive him, brings him a sort of joy ! To go out, to call his men, to give out shouts because the time has come to show what her strong lover can do for her—to go hungry that she may be fed ; to go tired that her dear feet may tread safely ; to die, it may be, at the last for her with such glory that the name he leaves with her is better than any living love, because he has been faithful, faithful, faithful !

First Williamite (putting down musket). I give up the Dutchman's pay. This man is the best.

Second Williamite. He is the best. It is as good to join him.

Owen. I will follow him by every hard road and every rough road through the whole world.

Matt. I will never drink another drop till he has come to his rights ! I would sooner shrivel up like a bunch of seaweed !

Mrs. Kelleher. It is what I was often saying, the desire of every heart is the rightful King.

First Williamite. We will follow you! We will send our comrades away when they come, or we will turn them to you!

Second Williamite. We will fight for you five times better than ever we fought for the Dutchman. We will not let so much as a scratch on one belonging to you—even that lean-jawed little priest at the end of the table. (*Points at James.*)

Sarsfield (rising). That is right. I knew you were good Irishmen. Now, we must set out for Clonmel.

James. No, no; we cannot go. We must wait for the men from the French ship.

Sarsfield. Write your orders to them. Tell them to come round, and bring us help at Limerick.

James. It would be best to see them.

Sarsfield. No time to lose! This good woman will give the letter safely.

[*Carter reluctantly gets out pen and paper. James begins to write. The door opens and the old Lady appears.*]

Owen. It is the poor Lady.

Matt (to Sarsfield). The poor Lady Dereen, your Majesty, that lost all for the Stuarts.

Owen. Come in, Lady, come, the King himself is here, King James.

Lady. The King! And safe! Then God has heard our prayers.

Owen. Come now, Lady; tell your story to the King.

[*Leads her to Sarsfield.*]

Lady. I lost all for Charles. I will get all back

from James. Charles was great ; James will be greater ! See here I have the King's own seal.

Sarsfield. That is the seal, indeed. The King will honour it when he comes to his own.

Lady. No more beggary ; no more wandering. My white halls again ; my kinsmen and my friends !

Sarsfield (to James). Have we any token to give this poor distracted lady ?

James. Give her a promise. We have nothing else to part with.

Sarsfield (taking off his ring). Here, lady ; here is a ring. Take this in pledge that the King will pay you what he owes.

Lady (taking it). Is it the sunrise ? See how it shines. I knew the lucky sun would rise at last. I watched in the east for it every morning.

[*She childishly plays with the ring.*]

Matt. Wouldn't you thank the King now, Lady, for what he is after giving you ?

Lady. I had forgotten. I forgot I was in the Court ! I was dreaming, dreaming of hard, long roads and little houses—little, dark houses. I forgot I was at Whitehall. I have not been to Whitehall for a long time to kiss the King's hand. (*She gives her stick to Owen, and stands very tall and straight.*) I know the Court well. I remember well what to do. A curtsy to the right to the Queen (*curtsies*) ; a curtsy to the left to the princesses (*curtsies*). Now, I kneel to kiss the King's hand. (*She sweeps her dress back as if it were a train, and kneels. Sarsfield gives her his hand ; she puts her lips to it. She gets*

up uncertain and tottering, and cries out)—You have befooled me! That is not the King's hand; that is no Stuart hand; that is a lucky hand—a strong, lucky hand!

Sarsfield. You have forgotten, Lady. It was a long time ago.

Lady. That is no Stuart voice! (*Peers at him.*) That is no Stuart face! Who was it said the King is here? (*She looks into Carter's face.*) That is no King's face. (*Takes his hand.*) That is no royal hand. (*Going to James*) Let me look at your face. (*He turns away.*) Let me look at your hand.

James. Do not touch me! Am I to be pestered by every beggar that comes in?

Lady (in a shriek). That is the voice! That is the voice! (*seizes his hand.*) That is the hand! I know it—the smooth, white, unlucky Stuart hand.

[*James starts up angrily. Williamites have gone to listen at the door. "Lillibulero" is heard sung outside—*

Dey all in France have taken a swear,
 Lillibulero bullen a la,
 Dat dey will have no Protestant heir :
 Lillibulero bullen a la !
 Lero, lero, lero, lillibulero bullen a la !

Though by my shoul de English do prate,
 Lillibulero bullen a la ;
 De laws on dere side, and Christ knows what :
 Lillibulero bullen a la !
 Lero, lero, lero, lillibulero bullen a la.

First Williamite. It is the Newry troop!

Owen (bolting door and putting his back to it). They must not see the King!

Second Williamite. It is too late to escape. We will fight for you.

Matt (going to door and putting his back to it). Believe me, I won't let them in this time.

Sarsfield (drawing sword, and going before James). We will cut our way through them.

Mrs. Kelleher (pushing back dresser, and opening door). It's a poor mouse that wouldn't have two doors to its hole! (*She pushes James and Carter in. Sarsfield stands at it.*) Go in now. When all is quiet, you can get through to the pier.

Voice of Williamite Captain outside (with a bang at door). Open, I say!

Matt (rattling at door while he keeps it fast). Sure, I'm doing my best to open it—if I could but meet with the latch.

Voice. Open, open!

Matt. I have an unsteady hand. I am after taking a little drop of a cordial——

[*Another bang at door.*]

Owen. I'll quench the light!

[*Blows out candles. Sarsfield has followed James.*]

Mrs. Kelleher is pushing dresser back to its place. The door is burst open.

Captain. Who is here?

Matt. Not a one in the world, Captain, but myself and herself, and the son I have, and a few men of King William's army.

First Williamite. We are here, sir, according to orders.

Captain. Strike a light ! (*Williamite strikes it and lights candle.*) What is going on here ?

First Williamite. We are watching the pier, sir.

Captain. Why are the lights out ?

Matt. It was I myself, sir—I will confess all. It was not purposely I did it. I have an unsteady hand ; it was to snuff it I was striving.

Captain. Have you any news of King James ?

First Williamite. Great news !

Captain. What is that ?

First Williamite. He was seen to the east—up in the wood.

Captain. We must follow him at once.

First Williamite. It is said he is going north—on the road to—Wexford !

ACT III.

SCENE : *The pier at Duncannon by night. James and Carter talking together.*

James. Upon my word, I am as glad to escape from that dark cellar as I was to get into it an hour ago.

Carter. I wonder how long Sarsfield will be away gathering his men.

James. It should take him a little time ; but one never knows with him when he may appear. He makes me nervous. He has no feeling for repose, for things at their proper time, for the delicate, leisurely life. He frets and goads me. He harries and hustles. I hear him now ! (*starts*).

Carter. It is only the French sailors taking away another barrel of their meat from the cellar.

[*French sailors enter from left, singing as before. They roll a barrel away to right.*

James. The long and the short of it is, it will not be my fault if I spend another night in this abominable island !

Carter. That is good news, indeed.

James. The only difficulty is how to get away.

Carter. Why, your Majesty has but to get into the ship.

James. Ah, if I could once get into it! But the question is how am I to escape—from Sarsfield? Of course he is under my orders. I made him obey orders when we left the Boyne. But since then there is something about him—some danger in his eye, or in the toss of his head. Of course, I am in no way afraid of him.

Carter. Of course not, indeed.

James. But for all that, when he begins drawing maps with a flourish of his sword (*mimics Sarsfield*), or talking as if he were giving out the Holy Scriptures, there is something—a something—that takes away my strength, that leaves me bustled, marrowless, uncertain.

Carter. Not a doubt of it.

James. I am resolved I will strike a blow for myself. I will take my own way. I will be King again. I will be my own master! I am determined that here, this moment, before he has time to come back, before I cool, before my blood goes down, I will make these sailors take me into their boat and row me out to the ship.

Carter. Well said, indeed.

James. When Sarsfield comes back to this pier, if he wants to preach to me again, he will have to swim for it!

Carter. Ha, ha, very good!

[*Enter sailors from right.*]

James (to sailors). Here, my men. I must go to the ship at once. You must take me in your boat.

First Sailor. Boat not ready yet, sir. More meat, more pork, more sau-sa-ges.

James. I must go at once. Here, I will give you money if you will take me at once.

Sailor. Give it now, sir, and I will take you (*James gives it*)—after one more barrel.

James. At once!

Sailor. At once, sir. Only *one* more barrel. I will not be two, three minutes. You go, sir, wait in the boat. We will follow you very quick.

[*They go left.*]

James. Come to the boat at once, Carter. We shall be safe there. Oh, once at sea I shall be a King again!

Carter. Not a doubt of it!

James. Come, come, no time to lose!

[*They turn right. Music is heard from right, "Lillibulero" suddenly turning into "White Cockade." The two Williamites appear playing fife and drum, Owen with them.*]

First Williamite. That is right! We are changing the tune well now. We had to keep up the old one so long as our Newry comrades were within hearing. That they may have a quick journey to Wexford! Now for the cockade!

[*Owen gives them each one, and they put them in their hats.*]

Owen. You did well, getting leave to come back and to watch the pier.

Second Williamite. So we will watch it well.

James. Let me pass if you please.

First Williamite. Where are you going, my little priest?

James. I am going on my own business. Let me pass.

First Williamite. I don't know about that. I have orders to watch the pier. Double orders. Orders from King William to let no one leave it, and orders to let no one come near it from King James.

James. I tell you I am going on King James's business.

First Williamite. He will be here in a minute. He is gathering men and horses below to the west of the town. Wait till he comes.

James. No, no, I cannot wait (*tries to get through*).

First Williamite. You will have to wait. No hurry! The Mass can't begin without you!

James. I can make you let me go with one word.

Second Williamite (catching hold of him). Faith, I can hold you without any word at all.

James (wrenching himself free). Back, fool, back. I am the King!

Both the Williamites. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!

Second Williamite. O the liar!

Carter. You must believe His Majesty.

First Williamite. I do, as much as I believe you yourself to be Patrick Sarsfield.

Owen. That Patrick Sarsfield!

Carter. How dare you doubt that this is the King?

First Williamite. I don't. I have no doubt at all upon the matter. I wouldn't believe it from Moses on the mountain.

James. You common people cannot recognise high blood. I say I am the King. You would know it quickly enough if you could see me in my right place!

First Williamite. We might. Your reverence would look well upon the throne. Here, boys, make a throne for His Majesty. (*They cross hands and put him up as if on a throne.*) Hurrah! This is the third King we have shouted for within the last six hours!

James. Let me down, I say!

First Williamite. Throw out gold and silver to the crowd! Every King throws out gold and silver when he comes to the throne!

Second Williamite. Give us our fee! Give us an estate! I would like mine in the county Meath.

First Williamite. Can you touch for the evil? Here is a boy that has the evil! We'll know you are a King if you can cure the evil!

All. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!

James. Let me down, traitors!

[*A sound of keening heard.*]

Owen. Here is the poor Lady.

[*She comes in keening. They put down the King.*]

James. Here is a witness for me. She knew me last night.

Carter. She knew the true King's hand.

James. Lady Dereen, you knew me last night. Tell these fools what they will not believe from me, that I am the King. [*She begins keening again.*]

James (touching her arm). Look at me. Am I not a Stuart? Touch my hand. Am I not the King?

[*He holds out his hand; she takes it, looks vacantly at it, then drops it, and is silent for a minute.*]

Lady (crying out). The King! There is no King! The King is dead; he died in the night! Did you not hear me keening him? My lord is dead, and my kinsmen are dead, and my heart is dead; and now my King is dead! He gave his father a bad burying; we will give him a good burying—deep, deep, deep.—Dig under the rivers, put the mountains over him; he will never rise again. He is dead, he is dead! (*She sits down, rocking herself, and sings.*)

Ochone, ochone, my pleasant Stuart;

Ochone, heart-secret of the Gael!

[*Sarsfield comes in hurriedly, motions them all back. Speaks to James.*]

Sarsfield. All is well, sir. Our men are coming in fast. There are two hundred of them to the west of the harbour. We are late for the surprise—that

chance is gone ; but we can bring good help to hearten Limerick. The King's presence will bring out the white cockade like rush-cotton over the bogs.

James. Yes, yes ; very good, very good.

Sarsfield. Are you ready, sir ?

James. Oh yes, ready, very ready—to leave this place.

Sarsfield. This way, sir, this way !

James. I know the way ; but I have left my papers—papers of importance—in that cellar. I must go back and get them.

Sarsfield. Now William's troop has left, I will have the horses brought to the very edge of the pier—all is safe now.

James. Yes, yes, I am sure there is no danger. Yes, go for the horses ; take care they are well saddled.

[*He goes out left ; Sarsfield right. Matt and Mrs. Kelleher come on from left.*]

Mrs. Kelleher. And is it true, Owen, my son, that you are going following after the King ?

Owen. It is true, surely.

Mrs. Kelleher. You that would never stir from the hearth to be taking to such hardship ! Well, I wouldn't like to be begrudging you to the King's service. What goes out at the ebb comes in on the flood. It might be for profit.

Matt. Here is the belt your grandfather owned, and he fighting at Ross ; pistols there are in it. Do your best now for the King. I'll drink—no, I swore I would never drink another drop till such time—

Mrs. Kelleher. There is my own good cloak for you—there is something in the pocket you will find no load. (*Owen puts on cloak and belt.*) And here's cakes for the journey—faith, you'll be as proud now as a cat with a straddle!

Owen. You will hear no story of me but a story you would like to be listening to. Believe me, I will fight well for the King.

[*Sailors come from left, rolling a very large barrel; they are singing their song. Carter is walking after it.*]

Matt. Stop, there! What is that barrel you are bringing away?

Sailor. It is one bacon barrel.

Matt. It is not. It is one of my big wine barrels.

Sailor. Oh, ah! I assure you there is meat in it.

Matt. (*putting his hand on it*). Do you think I would not know the size of one of my own barrels if I met with it rolling through the stars? That is a barrel that came from France, and it full of wine.

Carter (*to sailors*). Go on with the barrel.

Matt. I will not let it go! Why would I let my good wine go out of the country, even if I can have no more than the smell of it myself? Bring it back to the cellar, I say, and go get your meat.

Carter. It must be taken to the ship. It is the King's wish.

Matt. The King's wish? If that is so—where is the King till I ask him? [*Looks around.*]

Carter. I tell you it must go. I will pay you for it—here is money. What is its worth?

Matt. Well, if you pay fair, I have nothing to say. If it was to the King himself it was going, I would take nothing at all. He would be welcome.

Carter (giving money). Here, here. (*To sailors*)—Go on, now; hurry! Be careful!

First Williamite. It is a pity, now, to see good wine leaving the country, and a great drouth on the King's good soldiers.

Second Williamite. He should not begrudge us a glass, indeed. It would strengthen us for all we will have to do at Limerick. [*Puts his hand on barrel.*]

Carter. This belongs to me! This is my property. If you commit robbery, you must account to the King!

Matt. Look here, I have still-whiskey in a jar. I brought it out to give you a drop to put courage into you before you would go. That is what will serve you as well.

First Williamite. We will let the barrel go, so.

Second Williamite. We could bring away the jar with us. I would sooner have wine now to drink the King's health.

Lady (standing up, suddenly, and coming in front of barrel). Wine, wine, for the King's wake!

Second Williamite. Listen to her! That is a good thought. We will drink to the King living, and she will drink to him dead.

Lady (to Matt). Wine, wine, red wine! Do you grudge it for the King's wake? White candles shining in the skies, red wine for the King's pall-bearers! (*She lifts up her hands, and stands between barrel and right exit.*)

First Williamite. She is right, she is right. (*To Matt.*) Since you yourself turned sober, you are begrudging wine for the King! Here!

[*Tilts up barrel. A muffled groan is heard from inside.*]

Second Williamite. That is a queer sort of a gurgling the French wine has—there is ferment in it yet. Give me an awl till I make a hole.

[*Another stifled groan.*]

Carter. Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh!

[*Puts his cloak over his ears, and retires to back.*]

First Williamite (taking out bayonet). Here, let me at it!

[*Knocks head off barrel; Carter giving short groans at every stroke.*]

Carter. Oh! be gentle.

First Williamite. Never fear. I have no mind to spill it. (*Takes off top.*)

[*The King stands up, pale and shaking. His cloak has fallen off, and chain and Order are displayed.*]

First Williamite. It is the little priest!

Second Williamite. Is he King yet? Or fairy?

Matt (looking in). Would anyone, now, believe that he has drunk the barrel dry!

First Williamite. I wish I had been in his place.

Mrs. Kelleher. It is trying to desert he was. That 's as clear as a whistle.

Owen. The traitor! Wanting to desert the King!

Matt. But will anyone tell me now, what in the wide world did he do with all the wine?

Lady. Is not that a very strange coffin, a very strange coffin to have put about a King?

Mrs. Kelleher. Here is King James!

[*They all turn to right. Sarsfield comes in. He stands still.*]

Owen. Deserting your Majesty, he was!

Matt. Making away in my barrel!

First Williamite. Having drunk all the wine!

Mrs. Kelleher. Let a goat cross the threshold, and he'll make for the altar!

Sarsfield (taking off his hat). Your Majesty!

James. I wish, General Sarsfield, you would control this dangerous rabble.

All. Sarsfield!

Mrs. Kelleher. Who are you at all?

Sarsfield. I am Patrick Sarsfield, a poor soldier of King James.

Mrs. Kelleher. And where, in the name of mercy, is King James?

Sarsfield. You are in His Majesty's presence.

[*He goes to help James out of barrel.*]

All together. That His Majesty!

Mrs. Kelleher. It seems to me we have a wisp in place of a broom.

Owen. Misfortune on the fools that helped him!

First Williamite. Is it for him we gave up William ?

Matt. And that I myself gave up drink !

Sarsfield (who has helped the King out of the barrel, takes him by the hand). Any roughness that was done to the King was done, I am sure, unknowingly. But now, if there are any little whisperings, any hidden twitterings, as to what His Majesty has thought fit to do, it is I myself who will give a large answer.

[*He unsheaths sword.*

James. I have business in France. You may stay here, General Sarsfield, if you will. But I will lead you no longer ; I will fight no more for these cowardly Irish. You must shift for yourselves ; I will shift for myself.

Carter. Not a doubt of it !

James (going right, stops, and turns). When I come back as a conqueror, with my armies and my judges, there are some I may pardon—my servants who deserted me, my daughters who turned against me. But there are some I will never forgive, some I will remember now and ever, now and for ever—those of you who stopped the barrel, those who tilted it up, and those who opened it !

[*He goes out right, followed by Sarsfield and sailors.*

[*Owen, throwing off cloak and belt, and tearing cockade from his hat, throws himself down and begins to play jackstones as in First Act.*

Lady (turning to face the other way). Where is the

sun? I am tired of looking for it in the east. The sun is tired of rising in the east; it may be in the west it will rise to-morrow!

Mrs. Kelleher. Gone is he? my joy be with him, and glass legs under him! Well, an empty house is better than a bad tenant. It might be for profit.

Matt (taking up jar). Well, I am free from my pledge, as the King says, now and ever, now and for ever! (*Drinks from jar.*) No more pledges! It's as well to be free. [*He sits down beside Owen.*]

First Williamite. Which King are we best with; the one we left, or the one that left us?

Second Williamite. Little I care. Toss for it. (*Tosses a penny.*) Heads, William; harps, James!

First Williamite (picking it up). Heads it is. (*Taking cockade from his hat.*) There's good-bye to the white cockade.

[*He and the other throw cockades on the ground, and walk off.*]

Mrs. Kelleher (to Owen). And what will you be doing, Owen? You will hardly go fighting now.

Owen. What business would I have fighting? I have done with kings, and makings of kings. (*Throws up jackstones, and catches all.*) Good, that's butter-milk!

Mrs. Kelleher. You are right; you are right. It's bad changing horses in the middle of a ford. Every new meeting is a new bargain. The windy day is not the day for fixing the scollops. (*She takes back her cloak.*) Is all safe in the pocket? It's long

before I'll part it again—once bit, twice shy. It might all be for profit.

[Sarsfield comes back. Stands still a minute, holding hat in his hand. Lets sword drop on the ground.]

Sarsfield. Gone, gone; he is gone—he betrayed me—he called me from the battle—he lost me my great name—he betrayed Ireland. Who is he? What is he? A King or what? *(He pulls feathers one by one from cockade.)* King or knave—soldier—sailor—tinker—tailor—beggarman—thief! *(Pulls out last feather.)* Thief, that is it—thief. He has stolen away; he has stolen our good name; he has stolen our faith; he has stolen the pin that held loyalty to royalty! A thief, a fox—a fox of trickery! *[He sits down, trembling.]*

Mrs. Kelleher (coming to him). So you have thrown away the white cockade, Sarsfield, the same as Owen.

Sarsfield (bewildered). The same as Owen?

Mrs. Kelleher. Owen threw away the King's cockade the same as yourself.

Sarsfield. Threw it away! What have I thrown away? Have I thrown away the white cockade?

Mrs. Kelleher. You did, and scattered it.

[Sarsfield lifts his hat and looks at it.]

Mrs. Kelleher. If you want another, they are here on the ground as plenty as blackberries in harvest.

[Takes up a cockade.]

Sarsfield. Give it here to me.

[He begins putting it in his hat, his hand still trembling.]

Matt. You will go no more fighting for King James! You are free of your pledge! We are all free of our pledge!

Sarsfield. Where is my sword?

[*Mrs. Kelleher gives it. He puts it in sheath.*]

Mrs. Kelleher. Look, now, the skin is nearer than the shirt. One bit of a rabbit is worth two of a cat. It's no use to go looking for wool on a goat. It's best for you fight from this out for your own hand and for Ireland. Why would you go spending yourself for the like of *that* of a king?

Sarsfield (buckling on his sword-belt). Why, why? Who can say? What is holding me? Habit, custom. What is it the priests say?—the cloud of witnesses. Maybe the call of some old angry father of mine that fought two thousand years ago for a bad master! (*He stands up.*) Well, good-bye, good-bye (*to Mrs. Kelleher, who is holding out cakes.*) Yes, I will take these cakes. (*Takes them.*) It is likely I will find empty plates in Limerick (*turns to go*).

Lady (to Mrs. Kelleher). Is not that a very foolish man to go on fighting for a dead king?

Mrs. Kelleher (tapping her forehead). Indeed, I think there's rats in the loft!

Lady (tapping her forehead). That is it, that is it—we wise ones know it. Fighting for a dead king!—ha! ha! ha! Poor Patrick Sarsfield is very, very mad!

CURTAIN.

“THE WHITE COCKADE” was first produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in December, 1905, by The National Theatre Society, Ltd., under the direction of W. G. Fay, with the following cast:—

<i>Patrick Sarsfield,</i>	..	F. J. FAY.
<i>King James II.,</i>	..	ARTHUR SINCLAIR.
<i>Carter,</i>	..	J. H. DUNNE.
<i>A Poor Lady,</i>	..	MAIRE NIC SHIUBHLAIGH.
<i>Matt Kelleher,</i>	..	W. G. FAY.
<i>Mary Kelleher,</i>	..	SARA ALLGOOD.
<i>Owen Kelleher,</i>	..	P. MAC SIUBHLAIGH.
<i>French Sailors,</i>	..	{ WALTER S. MAGEE. EDWARD KEEGAN.
<i>First Williamite,</i>	..	A. POWER.
<i>Second Williamite,</i>	..	U. WRIGHT.
<i>Williamite Captain,</i>	..	M. BUTLER.

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